

Good Morning 634

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A.B. Charlie Clarke— A.B. Bob Prescott— D'you Remember the Prince Alfred?

CAN you call to mind the frequenters of the "Prince Alfred," Marlborough Road, Holloway, A.B.s Bob Prescott and Charlie Clarke? There are a lot of people there who remember you two, especially your fellow members of the Ancient Order of Chain-Pullers.

Yes, the old organisation is still going strong, and you will be pleased to hear that the total collected for the Prisoners of War Fund has now reached £420. Quite an advance on the figure since you were home last, isn't it, Bob?

The auctions are still going on at regular intervals, and Mr. Johnson is now telling the tale of the fellow who bought a live goat at one of the recent sales.

He took the animal back and put it up for auction again, which not only restored his wedded bliss, but also put more in the kitty for the Red Cross.

There will still be plenty of pints for you to pull up when you do get round there again, Bob, and both of you will have to look out if Frank gets you at the billiard table—he's hot stuff now!

Now for some home news for you both—for "Good Morning" representatives called on your families as well as at the "Prince Alfred"—indeed, they called there first.

Your mother, A.B. Prescott, told us when we called at 11 Bedford Terrace, Holloway, N.7, that Harry is keeping very well in the Army, and both Lennie and Steve have settled down to civvie jobs again. Dot wishes to be remembered to you.

When we asked Widdles what he wished to say to you, he made some rather queer noises, which would probably mean "good luck" if only we could understand cat language.

From all the family come best wishes, Bob.



Your parents' shop at 131 Marlborough Road, Holloway, N.19, is still going strong, A.B. Charlie Clarke.

As you will see from the photograph, your mother and father are in the best of health, and there doesn't appear to be much wrong with either Duke or Bessie.

It is a pity that Frances wasn't at home when we called, but we were asked to pass on her greetings and best wishes, and also those of Percy, who is still soldiering in the Gordon Highlanders.

Dennis has recently been home on survivors' leave, and was apparently in fine fettle.

Your friends at the Northern Heights Aero Modelling Club have also been asking after you, and you will no doubt be pleased to hear that they have been doing very well lately.

Everyone is hoping that it won't be long before you are back with the club, and meanwhile all in Marlborough Road send best wishes for the future.

STUART MARTIN writes about a New York Bootlegger



Said Legs: "Got anything on Me? I Surrender"

never have surrendered had not five years. President Harding Green been freed. Green was thought he deserved some his bodyguard, a quick-shooter, mercy and pardoned him.

Get this right also. District Attorney Moore stood up in court next day and said: "About the case of Simon Walker and William Cassidy, and the deaths of them, I can't go on. Five vital witnesses have been killed." Now do you see?

At that time Diamond had become as powerful a bootlegger in New York as Capone was in Chicago. He had been arrested twenty-five times on various charges that I know of, and only twice had been convicted—and fined.

He confessed to me that he wanted to get out of bootlegging. I published that story, and he meant it, I know. But he was deep in the marsh and couldn't pull his feet out.

His real name wasn't Diamond at all. It was John S. Nonam, born in Philadelphia in 1898. He was called by various names—America's Scarlet Pimpernel, King of the Underworld, and other things; mostly the other things.

It can be said with truth that he shot his way through life; and he shot as he was dying, too. He was constantly on the spot by opposing gangs. Police Commissioner Mulrooney, of the New York police, told me that Diamond was a "dirty yellow rat." Maybe, but I am not so sure.

I do know that Jack was just terrible with guns. He drew them more than once in my presence—just to show us—and it was like the flash of a hand and then the end. He could shoot from the hip,

I saw him when he had arrived in Broadway. He wasn't much then—a drug peddler, and gambler. But he climbed. He became bodyguard to Arnold Rothstein, whose death I have told. I'll say this for Diamond, he had unbounded conceit.

He dressed right up to the minute and beyond it. He was a cigarette chain smoker. Well, he could afford it. He was getting 200 dollars a week from Rothstein for protection. Diamond could throw the guns right. But after Rothstein was killed by somebody that nobody ever knew, Jack was shaken. He knew that he, too, was destined for a quick spray of lead. He practised with his guns and went up to the Catskill Mountains. He practised there, too. He wanted to come back in triumph.

He had married by this time, but back in New York the game went to his head and he left his wife and devoted his attention on Kiki Roberts, a dancer. She was certainly attractive.

I'd like to tell some of his doings, but I haven't the space. The dramatic end can be told swiftly. One day in December, 1931, he stood on trial in New York charged with an offence. It was his twenty-fifth arrest.

Before he went to court he drewled to newspapermen, "See you later. It's a cinch I'll be back home to-night." He was acquitted.

Back to his apartments he went to have a carnival. He was staying at the Monticello Hotel, which was really a boarding-house, in Albany. It was a gay party with Kiki Roberts there and others.

Jacob Ginsberg, the manager of the hotel, told me afterwards the inner story. He was, he said, packing his bag to go off to Long Beach for a holiday, when he heard shots upstairs.

Opening his door he saw Diamond, bent double, stumbling down the corridor. Ginsberg watched. Jack stumbled on, got the door of his own room open, dragged himself inside. Ginsberg went in to see what was the matter.

Diamond had thrown himself on his bed, was twisting in pain, a bullet hole in his forehead and others elsewhere. He whispered to get a doctor. When Ginsberg said he couldn't at that late hour, Diamond said he'd have to get to hospital.

Now, Ginsberg was in a hurry to catch his train for his holiday, so he left instructions with the hotel staff. Legs was ultimately taken to the Polyclinic Hospital. Doctors said he was dying.

The police issued two bulletins daily while he lasted, but he didn't last long. They questioned him about who shot him. He gave evasive replies, he dodged them, he would give them nothing.

And at last, after a few days, he died.

Now, I was in close touch with the cops in those days. I know what was worrying them. They had not been called to that room where Diamond lay in his own blood in the hotel until all fingerprints had been erased from the furniture and walls! They had no clue.

They never found his slayers. If Jack Diamond had any sins to confess, if he had any information to give, he made his confession to the priest who sat beside him at the end. But not to the cops. Not Jack Diamond!

I know, too, that he died poor. He didn't even leave enough money to bury himself. His wife, Alice, received contributions.

Kiki Roberts may be forgotten. The last I heard of her was that she was hauling in music-hall engagements on the strength of her life with Jack.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! If that's old Pharaoh's idea of a pin-up girl, gimme Betty Grable any time!"

But Mrs. Alice was different. She buried Jack, sent a mighty wreath on his grave, wrote on it, "I love you after all," and then gave it out that she would get his slayers.

She went down to Coney Island and joined a freak show, exhibiting herself as the wife of "Legs" Diamond.

Ah, but she did more. She kept up a steady practice in shooting. She went to shooting galleries and stayed there for hours. She came back to Brooklyn, and lived in a flat under the name of Mrs. Alice Kenny.

And there, in July, 1933, she was found lying in a pool of blood. The doctors said she had been dead for three days. There were bullet wounds in her head. There were signs of a desperate struggle in the flat.

But the police never found her murderers. Gangsters? I was told she had discovered who shot Jack to death. Now, that was fatal information.



from the waist, from over his shoulder.

He tasted bullets, too. It was commonly said that he carried enough lead in his body to drown him. But nobody tried to drown him. He was said to have a charmed life. One day the charm didn't work.

He was just hit in October, 1927, when his sidekick, Augie Orgen, was killed. In April, 1929, he got a spray of bullets from opposing gangsters near Cairo, New York State. And then the last time counted him out.

But before I tell you of his death I should give the bits I know of his career. He jumped into the notice of the police in 1914, when he was grabbed for burglary. He got a prison sentence, and that was the only time the State authorities ever got a conviction of the sport against him.

He enlisted during the war, deserted, and was sentenced to



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The Game and The Gamble

PART 2—

By A/B S. G. Parker

JERRY felt a little more happy as he heard the thunderous applause with which the sportsmanlike (Marlston crowd greeted this save, and as he realised, too, that Betty would be sitting in her usual seat in the grand stand with Billy, her schoolboy brother, beside her, and knew that she, too, had been a witness of his effort, and was adding her own voice to the general outburst of applause.

The Rangers' players, too, realised the meaning of this new note in the shouting of the crowd, and when the ball came over from the corner, Jerry had to cope with a header from the centre-forward which was perilously near the mark, and felt distinctly relieved when burly, reliable Phil Downes sneaked the ball from the very toes of Marlston's dangerous inside-right and booted it sturdily up the field.

Their right-half initiated a beautiful long-passing movement which ended in Robbie Miller, the Town's young right-back, being forced to give away yet another corner. As the ball soared back across the goalmouth, Jerry was aware of a brown flash of leather, and even as he flung himself despairingly in its direction, the ball struck the back of the net with a force which threatened to break the meshes.

It seemed as though the whole town of Marlston must have heard the roar of "Goal!" which arose from the closely packed thousands on the stands and terracing, and which completely drowned the triumphant yells of the entire Rangers' team as they rushed to wring the hand and slap the back of their colleague.

Sadly, Jerry picked the ball out of the net and booted it back to the centre. He was a good sportsman, and had never

been known to take a reverse in anything but the best of temper; and yet, as he thought of the limitations of his own forwards and the strength of the opposition, and how much the game meant both to Betty and to himself, he could not help feeling a little gloomy.

When, five minutes later, the whistle sounded for half-time, he was very silent in the dressing-room, in spite of the special cheer which the crowd had given him as he left the field.

Jerry had very little time for any reflections, either gloomy or otherwise, when he returned to the field after half-time. The Rangers' energetic manager—himself an old footballer—had been in the dressing-room during the interval and, as usual, he had succeeded in infecting the whole team with his own enthusiasm.

"Look here, you chaps," he had begun, "all through that first half you were up against two snags, and only two—bad luck and a rattling good goal-keeper! Now, bad luck may happen once in a way, but bad luck never beat a fellow who had enough guts to keep on trying, and one goalie, however good he is, can't beat a whole team of you! You've only Druesdale to beat—you've got the rest of 'em groggy! I've been telling you for weeks past that you're on that field to get goals, and plenty of 'em! Away you go, you gang of sinners!" he concluded, as he heard the referee's whistle summoning the players to the field once more, "and if you don't make it five to-day, don't ever dare to come back and face me again!"

With a grim smile on his

face, but a very warm and almost fatherly affection for his team in his heart, he emerged to watch the white- and red-jerseyed figures resume their play, and was just in time to see the Rangers' centre-forward dazzle the crowd with a beautiful dribble over half the length of the field and complete the movement with a shot which once more tested the redoubtable Jerry almost to the limit of his powers.

As the game wore on Jerry found himself more and more hard-pressed; Phil Downes was working like a Trojan; the backs were striving desperately to hold their own against a skilful, swiftly moving line of forwards.

When 15 minutes of the second half had passed, Robbie Miller touched the ball with his hand in an effort to bring it under control, and at once the referee whistled play to a standstill and pointed to the penalty spot, while an ominous hush fell over the huge crowd of spectators.

As Marlston's centre-forward prepared to take the kick, Jerry tensed himself in readiness and the next instant had flung himself full-length as the ball sped hard and true towards the bottom left-hand corner, but he was a fraction of a second too late. The swiftly moving ball eluded his outstretched hands by the merest hair's breadth, but there it lay, safe in the back of the net, while the Marlston supporters were once again roaring themselves hoarse!

"Number two, presented on a plate!" muttered Jerry, as

he once more picked the ball out of the net, and booted it disgustedly up-field.

After this second reverse, Jerry strove might and main to save the game, desperately heavy as the odds seemed to be. Time and again he was called upon to save his change when the task seemed hopeless; shots, high and low, seemed to be rattled at him from every angle; yet he struggled on, taking advantage of every goal-kick and every ball which he caught in his busy, capable hands, to send up a kick which was a perfect pass to whichever of his own forwards seemed likely to put it to the best use.

Jerry's efforts seemed all in vain, however, and he groaned aloud when Moxley, the Town right-half, bundled an opponent off the ball in a manner which the referee very rightly adjudged to be unfair, and for the second time that afternoon a penalty kick was awarded against Rievesfield Town.

Once more the centre-forward took the kick—a high, soaring shot, this time, and swerving away towards the top right-hand corner. Desperately, Jerry leaped high, arms, hands and finger-tips outstretched, every ounce of his energy concentrated in one magnificent effort.

He felt the fingers of his right hand strike the ball, which seemed to bound upward, describing a parabola in the air, soaring high over the angle of the goal and dropping into the crowd beyond, while round after round of applause from the spectators greeted this spectacular save.

The corner was cleared, and at last the tension seemed to be relieved, as the Town's forwards strove to make an impression upon the Ranger's de-

fence, but those athletic white-jerseyed figures seemed to be everywhere at once, and the Rangers' goal-keeper, seemed to be experiencing little or no difficulty in dealing with the few shots that came his way.

Then, with only ten more minutes left for play, the Rangers' outside-left tore down the touch-line almost unopposed, cut in almost to the edge of the penalty area, passed beautifully along the turf to his inside man as Robbie Miller raced across to tackle him, and Jerry desperately as he flung himself across the face of the goal, was beaten by a swift, swerving shot which struck the inside of the far upright, and glanced off into the back of the net.

The minutes were ticking away quickly now, and the Rangers, already three goals to the good, were striving to increase their lead still further.

With five minutes left to play, Jerry earned for himself a final round of applause when he leaped into the air, and fisted over a point-blank drive from the inside-right, who seemed ideally placed for scoring another goal.

After that, it was all over bar the shouting, and when the final whistle sounded, Jerry, perspiring and despondent, strode silently and sadly from the field, only glancing up to give a wave of acknowledgement to the crowd of fans who were waiting to give him a final cheer, and to give an affectionate pat on the shoulder to Billy, who was waiting for him at the dressing-room entrance.

As he stepped into the dressing-room, Jerry became aware of a figure standing at his elbow, and a genial voice said "Excuse me, Mr. Druesdale—would you mind waiting for me" (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why—Astronomy, Geology, Biology, Astrology, Ethnology, Anthropology.

Answers to Quiz in No. 633

1. Arago was a clown, Greek philosopher, singer, French physicist, astrologer?
2. If somebody gave you a bunch of "sates," what would you have?
3. What is the difference between (a) arson, (b) arson?
4. Of what is the material known as "wincey" made?
5. Who accused what painter of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"?

1. Staghound.
2. Honeysuckle.
3. Traditional rich plum cake containing a pound of each of its ingredients.
4. (a) Rainbow. (b) Lovable.
5. Humorous opera. (b) Lovable or tragic opera in which speeches are spoken as well as sung.
6. 27 is not a prime number others are.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



PAIGNTON (Devon) Urban Council have decided to buy for £45,000 the Oldway Estate of houses and 19 acres in the town's centre of Paignton, the property of the Singer family.

It was a condition of the will that Paignton should be given the first opportunity to buy when the estate came on the market.

The mansion was built by the late Mr. Isaac Merrit Singer, inventor of the sewing machine, and in the last war was loaned by the late Mr. Paris Singer, his philanthropist son, to the American Red Cross as a hospital.

In the grounds are two international bowling greens and sixteen tennis courts, home of the Torbay country club.



FILM FLASH.

COLUMBIA has signed a new crooner, Gaylord Plimpton, who sings like Frank Sinatra. In fact, he impersonates "The Voice," and will do his stuff in the new musical, "Let's Go Steady." The only vocal training he has is simply listening to Sinatra's records and imitating them. His earnings are negligible; in fact, he's the only crooner working for peanuts.

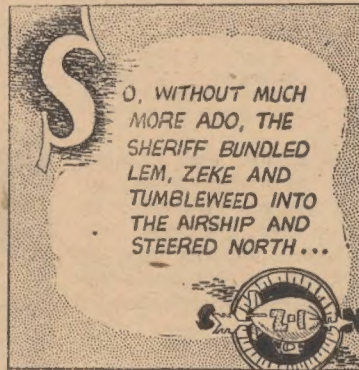
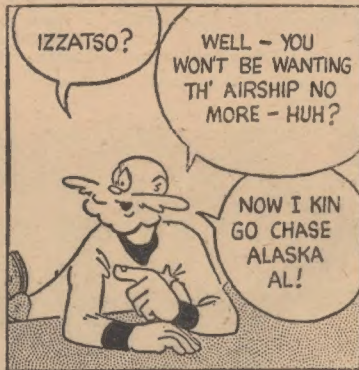
He likes them. He's a parrot.



MAJOR SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, M.P. for Portsmouth South, asked the Minister of Labour if, as part of his demobilisation plans, arrangements would be made with the big Banks that local managers should give advice to ex-Servicemen desirous of setting up in business on their own account.

Mr. Ernest Bevin replied that he was grateful for the suggestion. He attached great importance to the provision of facilities to enable ex-Servicemen to get the best available advice, and he would consider the proposal.

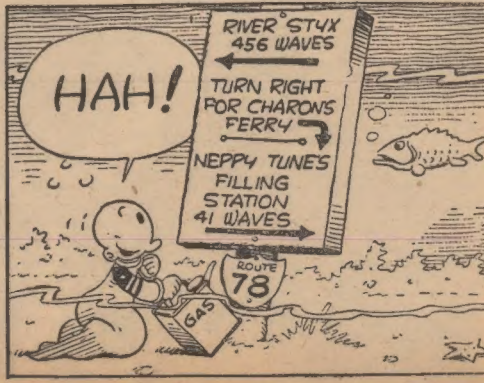
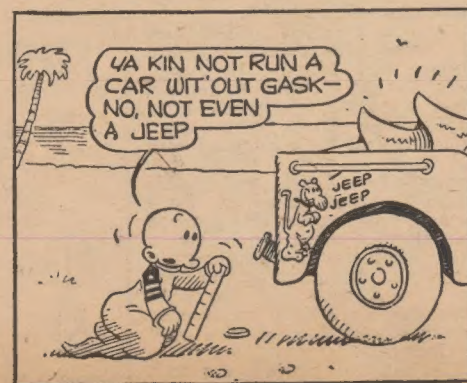
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 573

- 1. Behead repeatedly and make a profit.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Nur ratwes oped listl.
- 3. What European capital has A for the exact middle of its name?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I can't think how I came to — the — of my shoe.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 572

- 1. A-way.
- 2. Make hay while the sun shines.
- 3. CopeNHagen.
- 4. Lean, lane.

JANE

The Game and The Gamble

(Continued from Page 2) after you have changed? I would like a word with you." It was Marlsdon Rangers' manager. In the meantime, Betty had made her way slowly and sadly homewards, without even waiting for Jerry or Billy. More than half-an-hour elapsed before the latter arrived home, to find his sister almost in tears, and his parents in a very perturbed state. Betty had arrived home in an even more despondent mood than before, and after some very anxious enquiries on the part of her father and mother, she had finally told them the full story of the bet which she had made, and how the match, and apparently her entire worldly wealth too, had been lost. Mr. and Mrs. Carrington had shown more kindness and understanding than Betty had dared to hope for, and she certainly felt a little re-

lieved when she realised that the severe lecture which she had expected from her father was not forthcoming after all. Her parents could not, however, offer her any real consolation nor suggest any way out of her immediate trouble, so when Billy arrived home it was to find a somewhat gloomy atmosphere in his family circle. It came as a great surprise to them all when Billy seemed quite unconcerned at the result of the match, and even cheerful. "You sound happy," remarked Betty in a voice which sounded, for her, unusually bitter. "You'll be happy yourself, Sis, when you hear what I have to tell you," came the perky and very unexpected reply. "Betty's interest in her younger brother's conversation still remained luke-warm. "Well, what is it?" she asked in

a somewhat indifferent tone. "First of all, I've a little bit of news for you about Jerry. Ah-ha! I thought that would interest you!" By this time Billy was thoroughly enjoying himself. He loved to have his sister on tenterhooks. "Billy! What is it?" she cried, all eagerness now. "It's simply that he has been transferred to Marlsdon Rangers," replied Billy. "Their goalie has had to travel to the north of England to take over his father's share in the family business. Poor old boy's getting a bit too old and feeble to carry on," he explained with callous cheerfulness. "And would you believe it?" Billy continued, "Jerry didn't want to leave the Town—talked a lot of nonsense about rats and sinking ships—but the management very soon put a stop to that! Reevesfield's manager told him that the Town needed his transfer fee

to help them to carry on, and after that the deal went through. Jerry will be coming try to lynch me, but just you to-night to tell you all about wait a moment! I know that it," he concluded, in breathless excitement. Betty and her parents almost forgot their financial troubles in their surprise and pleasure at this unexpected niece of news, but a greater surprise was still to come. Billy had by no means said his say, and was all eagerness to hold the stage a little longer. "And now, Miss Betty Carrington," he continued, in a tone of severe admonition which, coming from a younger brother, was positively impudent. "I feel that I ought to give you a lecture for your own good. "Not a word!" he exclaimed, as his sister was on the point of making a very indignant retort. "Just wait until you hear the rest! Could you possibly imagine anybody betting—actually betting!—on a team like Reevesfield Town? Yes—I know you are going to

tell me that I'm a traitor in the camp, and that you're going to through. Jerry will be coming try to lynch me, but just you to-night to tell you all about wait a moment! I know that it," he concluded, in breathless excitement. Betty and her parents almost forgot their financial troubles in their surprise and pleasure at this unexpected niece of news, but a greater surprise was still to come. Billy had by no means said his say, and was all eagerness to hold the stage a little longer. "And now, Miss Betty Carrington," he continued, in a tone of severe admonition which, coming from a younger brother, was positively impudent. "I feel that I ought to give you a lecture for your own good. "Not a word!" he exclaimed, as his sister was on the point of making a very indignant retort. "Just wait until you hear the rest! Could you possibly imagine anybody betting—actually betting!—on a team like Reevesfield Town? Yes—I know you are going to



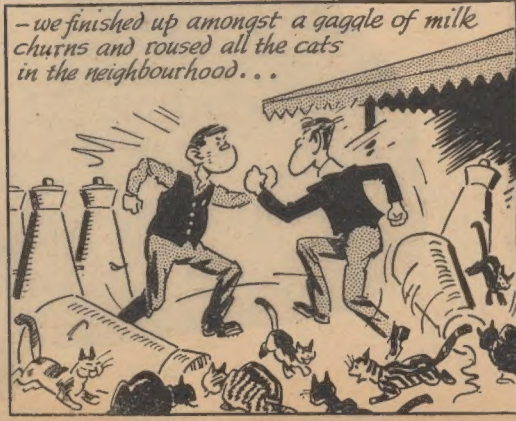
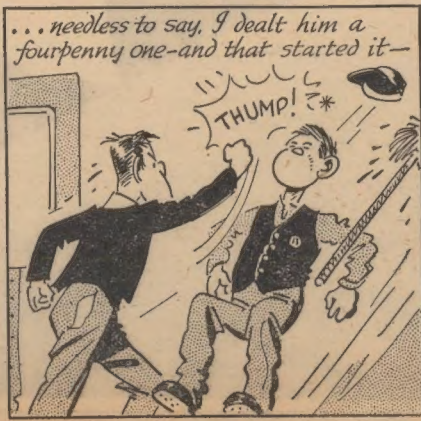
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A Drink on the Bank

YOU can walk into the head office of the National Provincial Bank in Princes Street, in the City, demand a glass of beer or a whisky, and get it. There is a catch in it, of course; you must be on the staff. But even so, it is an unusual privilege, and the reason thereof is that the bank was built on the site of a famous old pub, the old European. The bank's canteen has a liquor licence. Customers of the bank walk in and out, unaware of the perennial survival of a right, anciently bestowed. But old London abounds with memories like these, forgotten by everyone except those who live on the spot. Few of the millions who in the course of a year or so pass through the entrance to Aldgate East Station realise that they are treading what used to be the entrance to one of London's most historic inns. The "Old Red Lion" is still on the original site, but the station alterations necessitated some interior rearrangements. Cramful of memories of the old days is the "Old Red Lion." One, in view of its recent sequel, is especially vivid—to the inn folk. A clatter of hoofs, and Dick Turpin stormed in with a horse that he had stolen. With him was his accomplice, Tom King—and after them the Bow Street Runners. A fight, a shot; King fell severely wounded, and Turpin made off, leaving his friend to the untender mercies of the hunters.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

FRESH YODEL
EXPOSE ENA
LITRE ALBUM
OGEE BREAM
UNREAL CREW
N M GUST R
GAITER ELAN
ERNE SPRAT
ROANS UNDO
STOKES LOW
TEENY SCENT

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11			
12				13	14			
15				16			17	
		18	19			20		
21	22				23	24	25	
			26	27				
28	29		30			31	32	
33		34			35			
36				37				
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.—11 Roguish. 5 Trade marks. 10 Refined. 11 Tumult. 12 Met. 13 Grope about. 15 Before. 16 Soak. 17 Fig. 18 Cipher. 21 Reckoning. 23 Pitchers. 26 Clothes-maker. 28 Drink. 30 Fish. 31 Spring blossom. 33 Settle. 35 Bolus. 36 Sort of drama. 37 Roadway. 38 Sticks. 39 Precious stones.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Add. 2 Bellow. 3 Customer. 4 Concealed. 5 Perplex. 6 Limb. 7 Cocoa-beans. 8 Distress. 9 Hot dish. 14 Supported. 16 Shrub. 19 Not burning. 20 Number. 22 Girl's name. 24 Fur. 25 Described as. 27 Jots. 28 Plug. 29 Objects. 32 Mineral. 34 Fetch. 35 Cask stopper.

Good Morning

Why if it isn't Fatima, my favourite wife! As our foot-loose cameraman says: "Fatima's always bursting to get in somewhere or just bursting—somewhere."



"Lovely lady we have two questions to ask you—are they camellias and who's your dressmaker? Martha MacVicar, R.K.O. Radio's loveliest newcomer, like the echo, mocks and mocks. She says: "The petals will fall with the passing season, but my dress is like the Walls of Jericho."



When shown this photograph we said at once: "Duck's disease." But was our face red when we learned that she worked in a distorting mirror factory!



HANDS ACROSS THE STREET. Here's a lovely sight! Here's two pubs linking hands for the delight of the customers. This wondrous thing has happened at Ashbourne in Derbyshire. When Doctor Johnson visited those parts, the Green Man was still on the left-hand side of the street going in, and the Black Head on the right-hand side going out!



"Don't go down the mine, Daddy, let it come up to you." Here is the miner's dream of home—and it looks pretty good to us. Black's black and white's white doesn't seem to apply here!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"One good trumpet blast and they'll fall."

